

# THE PIKERS' ONE MEET IS ON A TOUR OF THE WEST.



Oh, my name is Joe Bowers.  
An' I've got a brother like,  
I came from old Missouri,  
Yes, all the way from Pike.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

The Piker is probably the most migratory man in the world—and that is why Pike County, great and glorious as it is, finds it a hard matter to show an increased population from one census to another.

The Piker is to be found everywhere on earth—with perhaps enough exceptions to prove the rule. And he is mostly prominent. Take a trip through the western part of Uncle Sam's domain and count the Pikers, and you will wonder that any one at all is left in the good old county whose broad side is laved by the great Father of Waters. I recently enjoyed a vacation trip in the West. In the course of which I was in nine States, and at every point where I stopped I found Pikers galore. I hunted them up and talked to them and observed their conditions, and I came home much impressed with the huge part the Piker has played in the development of the West.

"Once a Piker always a Piker" is a true saying which has grown out of his determination not to go back on the land of his birth. They are all Pikers yet, and every single one I talked with is planning to come back to Pike County on his way to the World's Fair in 1904. One, who is a street car conductor in San Francisco, told me he had already begun to save 25 cents a day to see the Fair. A railroad official I met in Portland told me that at least half a dozen persons had already been to see him to learn what the rate to St. Louis would be in 1904, with stop-over privileges in Pike County. If they all come to the World's Fair, the success of that great enterprise is already assured, and if they all bring their families and stop over at the old home, Pike County will be swamped with company, sure.

## JOE BOWERS THE LEADER.

In 1859 the population of Pike was 10,765. By 1891 it had nearly doubled. But gold was discovered in California that year and the adventuresome spirits who had driven away the Indians and reclaimed the wilderness started for the gold fields in great numbers. Joe Bowers left his sweetheart to the sales of the butcher and went across the plains to carve out wealth and fame for himself, and he was the bell wether which many a restless spirit followed. Joe achieved fame all right, for he seems to be about the best known of all the Pikers except Champ Clark; but he didn't acquire much wealth—which is true of most of those who went in '49. Many perished of hardships in crossing the plains and from scarce and improper food. Many others never got enough gold into their possession at one time to get back to Pike. Joe came back, only to find that Sally had married the butcher and become the mother of a red-headed baby. His grief is pictured in the words of the song which took its name from him, and which has spread his fame even into other lands. Judge John D. Lawson of Missouri State University recently received an inquiry from a professor at the University of Toronto, Canada, as to where he

could secure the complete poetical works of Mr. Joseph Bowers!

## A PIKER KING.

John F. Swift was one of the early Pikers who went to San Francisco. He achieved considerable prominence there and came near being Governor of the Golden Gate State. Charles Emerson was another; but he kept on going until he landed on one of the South Sea islands, of which he is now king. He is an uncle of Luke Emerson of Bowling Green, and it is said that King Charles will appoint his nephew Luke as his successor. If he does, that particular island will sport the merriest monarch since Charles II.

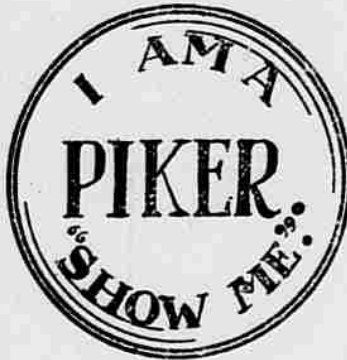
Parson Watts was a man of parts, who left Pike as a Western pioneer. He landed in Oregon, where he became prominent. He got into politics and carried the electoral vote for Hayes to Washington. On his way he stopped off at his old Pike County home and preached.

Many of the men who went from Pike have become wealthy. One of the owners of the Little Johnny Mine at Leadville is a Piker. Mr. Trimble had a precarious time for many years, but when he discovered the Little Johnny he struck it rich. Colorado Springs, the great mining center, is chockful of Pikers. Two of them, Ed R. Stark and his brother, M. F., have made snug fortunes. They first went to Colorado as cattle men, but early got into mining. They were associated with E. M. de la Verne, another Missourian, in the ownership of the Raven, and developed that property into enough importance to consolidate with the Elkhorn, the shares of which are now selling for 175. Ed R. Stark is one of the best known business men of the State. He has one of the finest homes in the city, and himself and all his family are loyal Pikers. His oldest daughter, Miss Mabel, though born in Colorado, always speaks of Pike County as "back home." Mr. Stark is a member of the State Sanitary board and is president of a refrigerating company which owns a very valuable patent on manufacturing ice. He is also interested in a smelter at Denver.

## COLORADO PIKERS.

Just now a Piker is monopolizing attention in Denver. He is William Anderson, who practiced law in Louisiana for many years. He removed to Denver and succeeded in his profession. He has one of the finest homes in that city. A few months ago he fell out with the Evening Post, one of the owners of which, Fred N. Bonnell, is a Missourian. In a personal encounter Bonnell and his partner, Tammen, used Anderson up. "Billy," as he is called familiarly, is a fire-eating Democrat, with a good nerve, and he went out and got a six-shooter and went back and emptied all its chambers in a bit of target practice, imparting the alternating each of the shots between Bonnell and Tammen.

Both were hurt, but not seriously, and as soon as they were able they began to



## THE "PIKER" BUTTON.

Idea suggested by a Denver "Piker."

is F. M. Graham, and he wished he was back in Pike. When I asked him why he didn't come, he answered:

"As the Dutchman said, 'Der ghost is retty, but der meat is feeble!'"

## PIKERS IN UTAH.

There is a big bunch of Pikers at Salt Lake, and some of them are Mormons. Doctor Rufus McIlroy is one of the most prominent Pikers there. He graduated from Missouri Medical College in '88, and, being in poor health, started West. His destination was Salt Lake, and he told me he thought he would die on the train crossing the desert. He landed in the Mormon city known to no one. But the first friend he made was Doctor Fowler, the leading surgeon of the West. He became his partner and has risen rapidly. Now he is chief in charge of the Holy Cross Hospital, the largest in the city, and has a private practice besides, which is last making him rich. Here also lives John Minor, a brother-in-law to David A. Bull. Mr. Minor is storekeeper for the Rio Grande Western Railway. Captain W. E. Cotton, treasurer of that road, is also a Piker, and both these gentlemen are typical Pike County good fellows. Both can tell stories almost equal

to Dave Hall and Champ Clark, and both are rich in affairs in the city and State where they live.

The only Piker I ever met who is not proud of the fact is Al Pollock, who lives in the same city. Mr. Pollock has made considerable money as a mining broker, and he does not seem proud that he was born in Missouri. His wife died recently, however, and he proved himself a pretty good Piker after all by sending his two children back to the good old county to live with H. V. P. Block.

But what Mr. Pollock lacks in enthusiasm for Pike is made up by Billy Bester, head barber at the Cullen Hotel, who is the "trip-rapist" Piker I even met. If he even hears that a man from Pike County is going to pass through the city he will rush down to the train bearing most and drink and cigars, and if he can't persuade him to stop off, he will head him down with something for the rest of the journey. Billy Bester considers every person who ever set foot in Pike County as a member of his order. He thinks the order of Pikers is a greater fraternity than Masonry.

## SUGGESTIONS FOR PIKER BUTTON.

And I want to put an idea of his into the form of a suggestion. It is for the Pike County colony of St. Louis and the Pikers at Home organization of Louisiana to appoint a committee to select a design for and arrange for a Piker button. An official Piker button would be snapped up by many a man in the West, who would wear it as a means of identification and for the purpose of glorifying his native land. Last year at the street fair at Louisiana Henry Kuhlman got out a button on which was a picture of Joe Bowers. This summer I met a young lady at the top of the Seven Falls in Cheyenne Canon, and she wore one of these buttons on her hat. She told me that this button had gained her many courtesies in the course of her trip from people who had once lived in Pike, and that she could have sold fifty if she had only had them.

This should be considered at the next banquet. In two instances I experienced the practical value such a button would possess. A Piker whom I had never before seen conducted a lunch stand at Salina. When he accidentally learned I was a Piker I had him and chicken to my fill, but he could not have my money. He handed me down with messages to bring back home to his old friends, but he wouldn't accept a cent. The morning I was on Pike's Peak a Piker was dispensing coffee. A can cost me 25 cents, but when I learned he was a Piker and told him I was, he insisted I should take another cup, without money and without price.

## THE ORIGIN PIKERS.

A Pike County colony is to be organized this fall in Oregon. Judge R. E. Ayres and family live in Portland. Judge Ayres was a prominent citizen of Pike County until three years ago, when he sold his farm and went to Portland. He resented to leave the friends and associations of a lifetime behind, but he is well satisfied with Portland. He is an earnest Democrat, and the Republican majorities in that State annoy him. He said to me: "I have never been sick to go back home, but once, and that was the morning after the last election."

But William Davis, another Piker in Portland, feels the politics of that State just to his liking. He is a Republican, and his party has given him the office of Assistant City Counselor for several terms.

Owen Anderson is another Piker who is doing well in Portland.

At Burns, Ore., are John and Dalton Biggs and Homer Smith. The first two are lawyers, and all three of them say they have plenty of elbow-room. They are only 50 miles from a railroad.

Pikers are scattered all over California. I found a big settlement of them in the San Joaquin Valley.

In San Francisco I met W. B. Chadwick, assistant cashier of the Donohoe-Kelley Bank, who married Julia Barnard, the most beautiful woman who ever lived in Pike County. Judge J. R. Webb is one of the leading attorneys of San Francisco and Joseph N. Block is an important figure in insurance circles in that city. At Redding, Cal., are several Pikers, who help to run the big copper mines and smelter near there.

## PIKERS REPRESENTATION.

In speaking of the coming of white Asiatics into Egypt, Redpath comments on the tendency to go West, referring to "those strange cosmic influences which draw all

the tendrils of animal and vegetable life toward the West." He declares that the law appears to be worldwide in its application.

Assuming that Pikers who had followed this tendency of the race were ambitious and enterprising and consequently likely to do well, I inquired about the penitentiaries of the different States through which I passed as to the number of Pikers confined. E. H. Jowett, Warden of the Kansas Penitentiary, at Lansing, said he didn't know of any Pikers, but promised to look the matter up on his records, and said he: "If I find I have none here I shall ask the Governor of Kansas to let me have a requisition to send over to Missouri after a few of them, for I understand they are all good fellows and I would like to have some of them around."

Thomas Wilkinson, Warden of the State Prison of California, at Folsom, told me there were twenty-three Missourians confined under him, none of whom were from Pike County. Ten of the twenty-three came from St. Louis.

At Boise City, Idaho, there are a lot of Pikers engaged in raising sheep. This must be quite a quarrelsome and tempting business, for the Pikers there have not fared so well. There are just thirteen of them shut up under the care of C. E. Arly, Warden.

C. T. Reed, chief clerk of the Colorado Penitentiary at Canon City, told me there were thirty-one from Missouri within his institution out of a total of 280, but he didn't know of any Pikers.

No Pikers could be located within the walls in Utah, and there was only one in Washington and two in Oregon.

AS MARK TWAIN SAYS.

The more I traveled, the more I felt like Mark Twain, when he said:

"George Washington was a Missourian; he was that not by accident of birth, but by his primary in the achievement of liberty and the other great things he did for his country that made him a Missourian. They are all Missourians by right, Abraham Lincoln, Robert E. Lee, General Grant—they were all Missourians by right of their achievements. I, in my quality as a lay preacher, say live your life in virtue, that when you come to lay your life down you shall not descend, but ascend to Missouri!"

Except that I would write Pike County and Piker instead of Missouri and Missourians. E. E. CAMPBELL.

## "LADDIE": The Story of a Thoroughbred. BY LLOYD WILLIAMS.

They stood in the station yard at Charing Cross, "Yorkshire Laddie," his cab, and Jack Meadows, the driver—to mention them in descending order of importance.

The heat wave had enveloped London, and the hot, moist air seemed to suck the life out of all kinds of animals—men, women and—undogs. It was in the middle of the afternoon, and, by universal consent, traffic was suspended as much as possible, and white-faced girls and haggard, exhausted-looking men dragged themselves about the world with obvious difficulty.

"Yorkshire Laddie" changed his lit and raved the ground nervously. He was restless and impatient. His glossy skin twitched whenever a fly settled on him, and every time he tossed his thoroughbred head in the air a great splash of foam fell to the ground.

If it hadn't been so outrageously hot, perhaps some one would have noticed that his slender limbs trembled, that his eyes were streaked with faint lines of blood, and that his ears were constantly on the move—now cocked, now laid back, but never at rest.

But everybody was hot and uncomfortable—his—also somewhat uneasy—"Yorkshire Laddie," not being endowed with the art of speech, was not able to describe his feelings. Consequently he had to make the best of it, which he did with all the firm self-control of a gentleman born.

Poor "Laddie"—for in the hurry of London life his name had been cut down to that. Who knows? Perhaps, like human beings, horses sometimes think of "old days," and, when the world has gone away, it isn't always a cheerful occupation, especially in a heat wave.

If ever you saw the "Laddie"—and almost every Londoner must have seen him at some time or other—you couldn't have passed him without a second glance. He was so clean-built and upstanding, with the prettiest little head that ever slipped through a collar, and the grandest shoulders that ever drew a hansom cab.

Think of it: "Yorkshire Laddie" drawing a "hansom"! It was as unnatural as a Cabinet Minister blushing boots.

And there had been a great day in the "Laddie's" life; one great and glorious day, when he was the admiral of all admirers, when Doncaster race course lifted up its voice in one mighty roar of "Yorkshire what!" and the "Laddie" sailed past the post half a length to the good.

It was only a minor race—the London papers hardly noticed it—and the whole affair was a huge mistake.

People had said that the "Laddie" was the finest colt of his year, and talked of his winning Derbies and Cups, and "Guineas." But it never came to pass—through no fault of the "Laddie's," you may be sure—for his owner was greedy and impatient, and entered him as a 2-year-old for a petty race, when the poor beast was not well set, and not even in perfect condition.

Unfortunately, too, it happened that year that feeling ran high. An American colt was entered, which was said to be a "flier," and Doncaster felt properly indignantly at the bare suggestion of a Yankee-bred horse daring to think it could compete with a true-bred "Tyke."

You see, that was years before the Yankees had taken to absorbing British shipping and British Derbies.

So "Yorkshire Laddie," with a stable boy, commonly called the "Nipper," on his back, did his best.

People who understand racing, and know a good performance when they see it, described it as the grandest sight they had ever witnessed.

They had gone a little more than half way. "Yorkshire Laddie" was leading, with "Boston Belle" close on his heels, the rest being nowhere in particular.

But every racing man there saw that the home-bred horse was in difficulties. It would be an easy win for "Boston Belle"—so they thought—who would romp home and put Yorkshire to shame.

The crowd had its money on the "Laddie," and howled encouragement, and the "Nipper," between whom and the horse there was a complete understanding, screamed profane blasphemies into his ear, and "Yorkshire Laddie" responded.

The colt had a heart, the kind of heart that doesn't know anything about being beaten, and when "Boston Belle" tried to overhaul him, the "Laddie" galloped better than ever—and got there!

And that finished his racing career. He had won a small race for which he should never have been entered—and shown extraordinary pluck and endurance, and saved the credit of Yorkshire. But the "Laddie" was never fit for racing again, and the



"Laddie" he roared. "Go on, Laddie! Yorkshire wins!"

"Nipper" was blamed for forcing the pace—and they had both gone downhill ever since. The "Laddie" to the crab ranks, the "Nipper" to—nobody knew where.

It may be that the "Laddie" was thinking about all this as he stood in the station yard, with the heat wave bewildering his old brain and turning his good honest blood to fire.

At last the afternoon train from Folkestone arrived. There were not many passengers, as few people cared to return to London in such weather, and but one required a cab.

He hailed Jack Meadows, who woke him from a doze with difficulty.

"Bank!" growled the stranger.

"Bank!" repeated the driver to his horse. For the "Laddie" had learned his London well, and knew all the ordinary routes by heart.

The "Laddie" tossed his head and snatched his tail with pleasure. Anything was better than standing still, hour after hour, with the flies playing follow-my-leader round your ears.

"Steady, boy," said Jack. "You ain't in a race, so you needn't 'urt yourself!'"

But the old horse was in the humor for going, and he merely dung a splash of foam into the air and trotted on, faster than ever.

"Ere! don't you be so fast," said Jack. "It ain't the Derby, nor even Alexandria Park. You just go quiet!"

Still they rattled along, heedless of the traffic which crowded the Strand, and Jack Meadows, who understood his horse, and knew that when he wanted to "go" pulling at his mouth was worse than useless, began to grumble at him furiously.

"Now then, you old lunatic," he muttered, "can't you hear what I say? You go

quiet, and keep yourself cool! Blessed if ever I saw such a 'orse." Ere's every one a-mopping their 'eads with this 'ere blessed 'eat-wave, and you can't take it sensible. That's right, touse your blessed 'ead. It's freezing, that's what it is, and we are a-trying to keep ourselves warm. Go on! I wonder you don't want to gallop. That'd please the police, that would."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the "Laddie" took the sarcastic hint and really did begin to gallop—a beautiful, swinging gallop it was, lovely to see, but rather uncanny in a London hansom, and during the heat-wave.

So they swung past the Law Courts and people murmured. "There goes a ripping horse—full of blood!" but they didn't notice the blood in the poor brute's eyes, nor the queer churning of his bit as he heeled along Fleet street.

For "Laddie" was far away. The heat

and the fretting had turned his poor, sagacious old head, and he was far away on the Yorkshire moors and the hard paving was sweet green turf, and he—he was a thoroughbred racer, and the "Nipper" was up to ride.

Something of the sort must have been in his mind, for the best-behaved horse in London was not going furiously, slamming away at racing speed across Ludgate Circus.

"He'll steady down at the 'ill," murmured Meadows, hopefully. "E's a bit frisky, that's all. Got a sort of 'ump all along o' the 'eat. Steady, Laddie, steady!"

But "Laddie" wasn't steady. "Laddie" was mad! Mad from the drowsy, ding-dong 'ill, and the hard roads, and standing about, and, above all, the terrible, life-sapping heat.

So he took Ludgate Hill like a wild young colt, and tore into St. Paul's Churchyard like a flash of lightning.

Luckily, the streets were comparatively empty, and the "Laddie," being a gentleman born, mad or not, knew his work, and took the corners, and went round the curves, and dodged the traffic without knocking a square inch of paint off the cab.

It was a grand sight for those who have an eye for a gallop—a thoroughbred Yorkshire racer pelted through London at full speed.

To stop him seemed to be out of the question. Once or twice someone showed a disposition to interfere, but Meadows yelled to him to leave him alone. He knew well enough that an attempt to pull him up meant a smash.

They pounded through the great, gloomy churchyard, and along Queen Victoria street.

Here, at last, the "Laddie" showed signs of tiring. He was no longer a colt, neither was he in condition for racing, but he had dragged a hansom cab all the way from Charing Cross, and such a pace as probably no hansom cab had ever traveled through the City of London before.

But his strength was giving out, though his courage was unquenchable. He lost his stride and staggered, then pounded away again, almost as fast as before.

Poor "Laddie"! He believed he was racing. He heard the shouts of "Clear the way," and the cheer of the street boys, and he was doing his Yorkshire best.

Again he staggered, and again he bounded forward, straining every nerve, every muscle, determined to go on and reach the journey's end. Where was he going? To the bank? Or was it a winning post? How should he know? And why should he care?

He was Yorkshire-Yorkshire run mad, but doing his best all the time.

Half way up Queen Victoria street, nearly opposite the Mansion House Station, there was a man selling newspapers. He was a round-shouldered, middle-aged-looking youth, with drunkenness, and thieving, and every debasement stamped on his face, as plainly as if it were a book.

He looked up the street at the approaching cab, for the shouts had cleared the way in advance, and as he watched the horse, galloping, reeling, plunging along, his besotted face grew white, and his thick lips trembled.

"Strike me!" he muttered hoarsely. "It's my horse, 'Yorkshire Laddie,' and he's run mad!"

Then, as the cab tore past him, he forgot his drunken bawls, and dark, thieving ways, and he, too, was hundreds of miles away on the Yorkshire moors, a stable boy again, and mounted to ride and win.

And he put down his newspapers, and put his small, delicate jockey hands to his mouth, and yelled:

"Laddie!" he roared. "Go on, Laddie! Yorkshire wins!"

And the horse heard, and knew the voice. The "Nipper" was there! The little "Nipper," who rode him to the winning post on that one great day of his life.

So he bounded forward again, with the well-known voice still ringing in his ears, and made one great effort to reach the end of his journey, and stopped, not until he suddenly dropped at his destination, a panting, quivering, foaming mass.

But almost as soon as he fell the "Nipper" had run up.

And he slipped his knee under the small, well-cut head and put his arms round him, holding him tight, and crooning all kinds of stable talk in a broad Yorkshire dialect into his poor bleeding ears, until at last the panting ceased, and the slim, delicate legs shot out straight and stiff.

"Yorkshire Laddie" had done his best.